

MINING IN MEXICO.

---

PRIMITIVE METHODS IN THE

From the *Winter of the Owl* by

[illegible][illegible]

SOME STYLES IN VEILS.

A collection of fashion sketches showing different styles of veils and hats. At the top left, a woman's head is shown wearing a large, ornate hat with a wide brim and a veil. To its right, another woman wears a similar style but with a different veil texture. Below these, there are several smaller sketches of faces wearing various types of veils, some with bows or decorative elements. The drawings are done in a simple, sketchy line-art style typical of early 20th-century fashion magazines.

THE NEW STYLE IN SILKS.

A full-length illustration of a woman standing and facing slightly to her left. She is wearing a very long, floor-length gown made of silk with a dense, intricate floral or paisley pattern. The dress has long sleeves and a high neckline. Her hair is styled in an elaborate updo with curls. The background is plain white.

"He found that each would be 234 acres. One day Queen Elizabeth I tried to strew grain rushes upon the floor of the actors' room in the theatre, hence the name."

About as large as Ireland used to be—larger as Ireland is now—of having from 300,000 inhabitants, it had 561,000.

Woman says that Joseph's "royal purple" was violet, a shade of all colors. When it was dyed it became purple, hence the "royal purple."

Being has tempted foreigners in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island to such an extent that the population is commensurate and their children. Of Babel at Babylon was eight square towers, one, the pile being 620 feet in height, was a square, 15 miles in length, the walls being 37 feet thick.

Severus, separating England, was 36 miles long by 21 wide. It was 20 feet thick, and to the westward by a moat 10 feet deep.

The output of milk and cheese in England has been such since 1860 years that, while the value of farm products for the year is only \$1 per acre, the new England is \$11 per acre.

New immigrants in Greece, out of the population being 100,000, the country is not able to support them. He who wants to make his fortune must produce enough for his own consumption. A cyclical named Garaud, a dealer, recently rode round the world in a house in course of a war. The cost was barely two feet wide and 10 feet from the ground.

#### Selidness.

Main Dealer: He was a dealer in a white vest, a hat and a pink necktie. The drug store with a design in a hat covered his face and a short waist of gold have. Name? said the man—the expense tone. Lemon phosphate, please," turned to the white attendant. "Lemon phosphate," remarked, and grime a attendant.

said the attendant. minute the lemon phosphate for the young lady's when the attendant turned serious part of the order. out a big glass, dropped added a little lemon, a spoonful of sugar, a

tin cup and tossed the contents of the glass into it. Then he shook it with tremendous force. After this he playfully poured it into the glass and then tossed it back and forth from the tin cup to the glass again. Finally he let it remain in the glass, labored two straw into it, and thrust it toward the expectant youth. The latter seized it and slowly lowered the contents. The girl, who had envied her own glass long ago, watching him with evident interest. When he had finally absorbed the liquid, he wiped his lips on a yellow handkerchief, tossed down 15 cents, and remarked:

"Come on if you're through, Mame," and haughtily stalked out.

#### THE MEDDER-LARK.

See the yaller-throated chernik flittin' free as feather foam. From the tallest, roughest grasses, From his s-w-a-y, s-w-e-e-t-ho-m! See him pick the tallest fence-post, then that mellow of dews—that's the radder lark a-singin'. An' his soul is in his tune.

See him give his wings a flicker. See him flit his tail an' nod. Now he's determin' an' lookin' To rove the regions of his God. That's another bird a-comin'. Hear him twitter out his life—That's the medder-lark a-sparkin'. An' his sweetheart is his wife.

He's not edacably purty. An' his clo'es is knower tamer. He don't make much pertensions. But he gives that jist the same. They be saugers an' fitters an' tatters. Till he's fairly in distress. You kin see his body's bustin' With the things he can't express.

The medder-lark's an orator. Without a touch of art. The medder-lark's a poet, an' He's got his notes by heart. The medder-lark's a prophet. With a message to transmit—He's a seerster an' a possibler. An' his music can't be writ.

He's an angst dressed in feathers. He's an animated kink. If I could have one hope fulfilled, My idea would be true. Don't give us fame nor riches—Don't give us anything. But set some friends an' medder-larks An' never-drivin' galls. —Dan De Zee in "Sports Afford."

#### Cooching Him.

Washington Star: "Do you mean to say," exclaimed the man who was being pressed to become a candidate for office, "that my views on currency would not provoke opposition in my own party?" "Not necessarily," was the reply. "You needn't bring them to the front. All we ask is that you forget your principles and remember your politics."

#### Eligible.

Washington Star: "An' wot has my brother done. Wenzly, that makes him eligible to this organization?" "He's all right, I tell you." "But wot has he done?"

